Volume LXIX CHICAGO, JULY 11, 1912 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Morning, Noon and Night

The mountain that the morn doth kiss
Glad greets its shining neighbor;
Lord! heed the homage of our bliss,
The incense of our labor.

Sharp smites the sun like burning rain,
And field and flower languish;
Hear, Lord! the pleading of our pain,
The passion of our anguish.

Now the long shadows eastward creep,
The golden sun is setting;
Take, Lord! the worship of our sleep,
The praise of our forgetting.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

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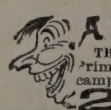
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912. NUMBER 19.

FAITH.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built nigh above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes, storms shall not abide:
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold his world above despair.
Look to the East, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

"The People's Attorney" is the happy title borrowed from Emerson of a review of the biography of Henry D. Lloyd recently in the *Dial* for July1, issued in two attractive volumes from the Putnam House. This four column notice by Percy F. Bicknell justifies the description of Mr. Lloyd as "A noble champion of the right who wore himself out at the age of fifty-six, whose full tale of good works can not even be epitomized."

Our Methodist neighbor, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, seems to read a "good sign of the times" in the visit the German war ships made to our fleet in American waters. Perhaps so, but we would think it a more auspicious sign if Germany expressed its cordiality and our government welcomed the same without the display of cannon and the attendant burden of powder.

The local option movement of the anti-saloon league has been so successful in Colorado that it has abandoned the piecemeal battle and has now merged its forces with the prohibition party and is going to conquer the whole state. This is the logical line of procedure. Slowly but surely the dry towns will call upon the counties, the counties persuade the states, and the states will wheel into line until the ugly stuff will be under the control of national laws.

No other great educator of the United States has been so munificently honored in an architectural way as President Wm. R. Harper has been in the completion of the great million dollar library, the dedication of which made the recent commencement of the University of Chicago a memorable one. This building probably will stand as among the finest illustrations of Gothic Architecture in America. It is worthy of note that Chicago, who has no fort, citadel, or Mars Field to boast of has a glorious library building to exhibit.

Let no one consider it a waste either of time, money, or human energy who has been in connection with the humiliating struggle at Baltimore, for there, as in Chicago, the American people have been educated most effectively and rapidly. The absurdity of the present convention system has been demonstrated to the enlightenment of the world. Having been so forcibly taught of how not to do it, the way to do it will appear the more promptly and the prescription that will heal us of this insanity will be more gratefully accepted.

"Preventorium" is an awkward word, but a hopeful one. It is the laborious title taken by an institution established at Lakewood ,New Jersey, which provides for two hundred children sent thither to escape the approaches of tuberculosis. The description in the *Literary Digest* of June 29 is very interesting and suggests possibilities for many communities. It is an invitation to many capitalists. Surely it deserves a yell and here it is, a most eloborate one:

P for *prevention*, much better than cure,
R is for *rest* in the open air pure,
E is for *evils* of dirt and foul air,
V is for *vices* that lead to despair,
E *education*, improving the mind,
N stands for *nurses*, so helpful and kind,
T is for *tooth-brush*, used three times a day,
O is for *outings*, fresh air and clean play,
R means *refuse* to touch soiled cloth or towel,
I means *infection* from drinking-cup foul,
U is or *us*—most sincerely we pray,
M for *much* strength to do service each day.
P-R-E-V-E-N-T-O-R-I-U-M!
PRE-VEN-TO-RI-UM!
PREVENTORIUM!

The Northwestern Christian Advocate reports that the United States war department has granted the application of Cuba for 5,000 rifles and one million rounds of ammunition to be used in arming the guards that are to be used in protecting the property of plantation owners against the predatory attacks of the rebels. Is is so bad? We'd like to read between the lines of this news item. Are the Cubans so ready to shoot when they had better reason, and is the United States not too ready to make and sell these instruments of death? Perhaps there is a better way of suppressing the rebellion in Cuba and a better way for the United States to help the Cuban government.

The Cause of Labor

At the series of dedicatory meetings that celebrated the opening of the beautiful city club building last May, which continued for a week, one night was given to the representation of labor and its interests. Prof. Hoxie of the Department of Economics of the University of Chicago acted as chairman of the evening. We can do not better service to our readers than to give our editorial space to the reproduction of some of the wise and pointed things said by the speakers that night:

CHAIRMAN HOXIE. "Outside and above these separate groups or classes there is an inclusive social whole, a sphere in which all classes commingle and in which a common social interest prevails.

"This common social sphere, in which the interests of all groups and classes are really mutual whether they recognize it or not, is larger and more important than those of us who are engaged in the every day struggle are wont to assume. All classes, for example, use the same streets and are equally interested in their paving, cleaning and lighting. All drink water from the same mains and all suffer when contamination enters them. All eat essentially the same foods and are equally interested in their cleanliness and purity. The exposure of any of us to contagious and infectious disease germs is a menace to all. We all suffer from misgovernment, waste of public resources, lack of fire protection, inadequate means of transportation, poor home and work shop sanitation, defects in the system of education and from wages and work hours that result in dire poverty, nervous derangement and the consequent resort to vice and crime.

"The failure to recognize the existence of this common social sphere, this proper field for co-operative effort, and to work all together in it for common ends results in a vast waste of energy and a great retardation of real social progress."

PROF. GEO. H. MEAD. "I myself have not quite the attitude that Mr. Hoxie and even Dr. Favill, it seems to me, have taken so far. It does not seem to me that we are treading on thin ice when we ask the representatives of the great mass of the community to come together here and consider what we can do for the benefit of this community. That there are grounds for differences, of course we know to be true, and that those grounds for differences have led to very serious difficulty in this country. But when a club such as the City Club opens its doors and endeavors to enlarge its own work as we know that work to have been in the past, it does not seem to me that there should be any difficulty on the part of the members of trades unions or any other group in the community in coming forward and saying: 'Let us work together as far as that is possible.'

"We know that if the public sentiment of the community ever expresses itself with definiteness, the officials will carry out that which public sentiment demands.

"But what we also recognize is that public sentiment is with the very greatest difficulty formed upon the subjects where the application of public sentiment is most needed. We recognize that our newspapers represent frequently, or generally, political parties, instead of bringing together the common interests of all of us—that they represent only single parts. We know that our political parties really erect barriers between those whose interests are common interests. We know that classes and groups and organizations of all sorts keep peole more or less apart. That makes it almost impossible to formulate that public sentiment which, if we could get rid of some of these barriers, would be sure to formulate itself and lead to just that form of government which democracy represents."

JOHN P. FREY. "Now, we have done a great deal of late, not only in America, but in Europe, to elevate the workman's standard of living. There is, for example, the American public school system. You all boast about it. But very few of you realize that the free public school system of the United States was established through the American trades unions more than anything else. It is true that a few farsighted, courageous men like Horace Mann advocated free public schools, but it was the trade union movement of the 1820's and early '30's, which by continual agitation, by calling mass meetings in the larger cities such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston and others, and by an independent political movement, succeeded in establishing first of all the free public school system and later the provision of free books and the other materials in the schools.

"I think that our movement was the first one in America seriously to consider the initiative and the referendum to the government of our organizations. Furthermore, I think that all students of our political progress will agree with me when I say that it was the trade union movement which was the first one to preach the initiative and the referendum as a means of electing public officials. We have gone even further. That great ballot which has given us honest elections —the Australian ballot—was first conceived of by the trade unionists in Australia and was brought about in this country more through the efforts of the trade unionists than through any other one factor.

"But we have done more than that. We have gone to city councils, to state legislatures, to Washington and have worked for legislation limiting the hours of female labor, prohibiting child labor, abolishing factory evils. We have secured measures bringing about more sanitary conditions in the workshop; we have tried to secure housing legislation, parks and playgrounds, bathing-pools and other improvements."

MRS. RAYMOND ROBINS. "Only a hundred years ago, in 1814, the first power loom was introduced into America. The three women who took their old-time work from their home and followed it into the factory were pioneers of a movement which today has become tremendously important to the welfare of civilization. The introduction of the machine has made a series of changes; trade after trade has lost its need for the skilled workers, so that man after man has been pushed out of the trade, woman after woman has pushed in; so that woman after woman has been pushed out of the trade, and child after child pushed in. Today men and women, men of forty, men of thirty-five, are unable to find work, and their children, six, seven, eight, nine and ten years of age, form the support of the families of large groups of the workingmen of our country. (Applause.)

"In my judgment, that one thing which we all of us can do at the present moment is to organize the girls for collective action, to teach and train them to take

charge of their own everyday affairs in their own everyday world. I realize that the conditions of work under which they are working six days of the week are such as to make it very difficult for them to take charge of their affairs in any such way as this, but they must be taught self-control and be trained for self-protection.

"However important legislation is, no legislation can be enforced in America today unless we have a free people to enforce it. (Applause.) There is not a single unorganized worker in any industry in Chicago today who could call attention to a violation of the ten-hour law or to the violation of the fire ordinance without risk of losing her job." (Applause.)

JOHN C. KENNEDY, Socialist. "As I understand it, the labor movement of the world is composed of two great international organizations. On the economic field, the workers are organized to promote and advance their interests in trade unions. On the political field, they are organized to promote and advance their interests in the Socialist party. (Applause.) It is true that neither one of these organizations includes all workers, but by their platforms and their programs, by their acts and their accomplishments, they have shown that they are true defenders of the working class. * * *

"You may think that I am an alarmist when I compare the conditions prevailing in this country at the present time with the conditions which prevailed in this country before the Civil War. But I want to tell you here tonight that the labor problem is just as big a problem as the slavery problem was. And I want to tell you further that, just as the slavery problem could not be solved by makeshifts and compromises, neither can the labor problem be solved by compromises. (Applause.) If you will read the history of events from the time of the Missouri Compromise in 1820 down through Clay's compromise in 1850 and the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, and all those other compromises, you will see that the road to the Civil War was strewn with compromises and makeshifts; and if we in this time want to strew the road to another Civil War with makeshifts and compromises, we will have ourselves to thank. * * *

"If this club were a certain type of an organization, I should not be here tonight. If it were one of the so-called non-partisan organizations, which are organized really to hold back the labor movement, I should not be here. There are such organizations in this country, and the working class does very well to beware of them. But I think this is a different sort of an organization. It is composed of sincere, honest, unselfish men who are gathered together fearlessly to tackle these problems, and they are going to get results. * * *

"In conclusion I will say this, that we Socialists are going to give Chicago the very best that is in us. We feel that by putting everything that we have into this melting pot of races, creeds and classes, that then this city will have a more splendid manhood, a more splendid womanhood and a broader and deeper human brotherhood than this city has ever seen before." (Applause.)

TOWNER K. WEBSTER. The most important thing that separates the laboring man and the man who employs labor is the question of wage. Now, I believe that any industry that cannot pay a living wage ought to cease to exist (applause), for that industry that asks men to live on less than will support them and their families, is a parasite on the community. I believe it is really more honorable for a man to stand on the corner of the street and openly proclaim that he wants the community to help support him, than it is to organize an industry and ask the community to pay the difference between a living wage and what he pays his workmen.

"To my mind it looks like this: 'Supposing the living wage that will keep a man from being submerged is ten dollars a week. But the man is paid eight. Does the community merely make up the two dollars? No, not at all. The community pays at least four dollars, and it pays it in the most outrageous way. It pays it in the jails and the asylums and in all those evils that come in when the struggle is beyond the man, and the child is thrown out. It pays in all the evils that come with extreme poverty.

"On the other side, there is the fact that the employer has a perfect right to ask that if he pays a fair wage he gets a fair day's work. But, under the guise of helping their fellows, the trade unions have done two things. They have said: 'Now, this is the limit of a day's work.' But if your are fair you will admit that sometimes it is only half a day's work, that the trade unions have often injured the workingman and injured themselves by saying, 'Such and such is a fair day's work,' when it is not. That is something that is very difficult to solve. It is a thing that dulls the moral sense of the workman, and it is just as wrong on the workman's side as it is for the employer not to pay a fair day's wage."

MISS MARY E. MCDOWELL. "I know a little about their struggle in 1904. I know how they stood together so bravely and so wonderfully for two and a half cents an hour, while the gentlemen who hired them were dealing in ninety-million-dollar pools and thinking of things in that enormous way and finding it impossible to understand why they should stand together, for I don't know how long, for two and a half cents an hour. But as I listened to the different classes, Bohemian, Polish, Slavic, Lithuanian, I heard the same story, how a man can not bring up a family in an American decent way on those wages. You see, we came back every time to this question of wages.

"One reason I care for this City Club is because, when we were in trouble in 1904, we always found a certain attitude of mind here. One naturally turned to these men for help, for money, for sympathy. For that reason I am glad we are brought here tonight. I think we need to get together as trade unionists, as Socialists, as humanists, to help hold up this standard of living which the trade unionists are fighting for, and we must see that the unskilled worker can get and keep it, too." (Applause.)

MATTHEW WALL, *of the Photo Engravers' Union*. "Our school system has been mentioned and the legislation for women and for children. But the labor movement has profoundly affected our whole legal jurisprudence in the direction of giving the individual greater protection. It has attacked the idea or the philosophy under which our government is instituted.

"The hitherto prevailing theory of government leaves social advancement and civic betterment to the individual workman. But we find that as individuals we are unable to accomplish one single step. We find that the only way in which we can progress is by securing the co-operation and combination of individuals in masses or classes.

"Yet oftentimes, when the masses have undertaken to change our conditions, another set of individuals has come in and interfered, declaring that the work is unlawful, illegal, bad, and so forth. Through injunctions they have endeavored to restrain the masses from accomplishing that which the state itself has referred to them as individuals to accomplish. Such interference the labor movement has steadily resisted." (Applause.)

PROF. ERNST FREUND, *Lawyer*. "Labor legislation, like any other legislation, cannot run too far ahead of public opinion. It has been patent in the past that the public would do things if spurred on by conditions that had become intolerable. But that is an undesirable state. Public opinion ought to be ahead of the immediate and urgent demands. That is a matter of education and it is one of the things that the Association of Labor legislation stands for, that society shall be educated to accept the demands of rational labor legislation, and not wait until they become matters or urgent necessity. * * *

"In 1911 there were sixteen labor laws passed. Up to 1870, when our constitution was enacted, there were eleven labor laws written in the books, and I think it is obvious that in 1870 the framers of the constitution had not that conception of the demands of labor that we have at the present time. What we plead for is that our constitution be interpreted in an expansive spirit. We believe that our constitution can be so interpreted, and we are happy to say that our Supreme Court now has turned over a new leaf and is interpreting the constitution in harmony with our demands. * * *

"We want to bring about a better feeling between organized labor and organized capital. I believe that they can get together and settle their quarrels, but I think the experience in connection with the workingmen's compensation legislation shows that that is not always possible. When a capitalist hears a Socialist like our friend, Mr. Kennedy, talk, he will say: 'I can never get along with that man.' We know very well that Socialists will talk no compromise, but I believe that they will always be glad to argue the proposition and that they are as ready to settle matters on a reasonable basis as any other set of men in the community. We believe that we have in this club an atmosphere where this important spirit can be developed, and I trust it will be."

VICTOR A. OLANDER, *of the Lake Seamen's Union*: "It seems to me that the thing that keeps us apart more than anything else is a lack of understanding of one another. A great part of our laws and most of the court rulings on the question of labor assume that the workingman is a machine, and that labor is a commodity, and a whole lot of men in our own ranks agree to something very like that.

"Now, we have got to get together and understand that that kind of ruling is wrong. The workingman is not a machine. He is a human being and he has got to be treated as such. Labor is not a commodity. Labor is the laborer, and when you talk of buying or selling labor, you talk of buying or selling laborers. * * *

"A great many employers go through a long war before they grant conferences to the representatives of labor. There is a reason for that. They recognize that when they get face to face and look into each other's eyes, labor, having a just cause, has the better ground and that the employer is very likely to be beaten in the argument. It seems to me it is a good sign when he feels that way, because it shows that, after all, there is a whole lot of good in all of us. (Laughter.)

"When you talk about capital and labor, you are turning things around again. By capital you mean the capitalist, and the important part of the capitalist, the real important part of him, is that part of him that is labor. The other part is not at all human, it is simply dollars and cents. So when you talk of a square deal between capital and labor, you merely mean, when you get right down to rock bottom, a square deal between different classes of laborers. We ought to deal with those things in that way."

CHAIRMAN HOXIE: "The place of honor on our program has been reserved for one who has been a leader in the labor movement since the days of its small beginnings, who has always stood for sane, progressive and constructive plans, Mr. George W. Perkins, president of the International Cigarmakers' Union." (Applause.)

MISS JANE ADDAMS: "I hope very much that the day is not far distant when the labor unions of this city will be inviting the City Club and other civic organizations to come to the opening of their building. (Applause.) I hope that they may have a building somewhere down town as beautiful as this, and, when that day comes, I think that some of these problems will be nearer solution because of meetings such as this, because we do recognize that the labor problem is being pushed more and more into the political field, and that it is only when it is regarded as a social situation, as a social problem, that we are beginning to attack it on the right plan."

"THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT."

(William Wendt's painting, owned by the Chicago Art Institute.)

Oh, the mysterious, lifting power!
From out these shadowy realms
Whose rocky crags, and snowy mountains tower;
And silent night o'erwhelms
All but the grandeur of great nature's theme,
And lights reflected from the flowing stream.

A silence felt, that touches deep the soul;
A sermon for the mind,
Reaching to depths, that can forever roll
A prayer for all mankind.
Heaven and earth, thus here together blend,
And mind must follow, as these thoughts ascend.

O loving spirit of the silent night,
With rest and peace sublime;
Nature is seen, developed in her might,
Born from evolving time.
Eternal truths that twinkle like the stars,
Bring worship that no upward thought debars.

Thou architect supreme of temples vast,
Builder of realms divine;
Thy handiwork in silence here is cast,
In vagueness, line on line.
To glorify thy power and majesty,
Where all is great, and good eternally.

J. FRANK WALDO.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumlates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

—*The Deserted Village.*

THE PULPIT

Othello

LECTURE BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, it is agreed that Othello is the most perfect in point of technique, as it is the most unusual in construction. During the first part of the play, the plot is in a state of incubation. Then it suddenly unfolds and moves with a terrible swiftness and tension, relaxed only at brief intervals to permit a slight relief. As a result, we lay it aside or witness a performance of it with mingled emotions of construction, horror, and grief.

One has, somehow, the feeling that the tragedy is confined to a close-shut room, and its terror is almost suffocating. To some readers, it is intolerable. We are forced to look upon evil and suffering at close range and in their intensest form —suffering, innocent, and defenseless; evil, cold, cunning, gleeful, glittering. Treated by a realist, this theme would be unbearable and terrifying. Happily, Shakespeare never fell into the folly of thinking that people on the stage should act as they do in real life. He knew that ordinary facts may occasion poetry, but only when, as with him, they excite in the poet a high and rare strain of thought and feeling. One must remember this in studying Othello, else its terror and pity will be heart-breaking.

So Booth always acted it, throwing over the scene a white light of poetic beauty, pathos, and awe. Even in the three terrible moments—when Othello strikes Desdemona, when he affects to treat her as an inmate of a house of ill-fame, and in the last hour of her life—he did not fail. He knew that the love of Othello for Desdemona was not a sensual love, but a love born of his awe and adoration of her heavenly beauty, and that his sacrifice of her beautiful and blameless life was not an act of ferocious murder. When the night of horror comes, and in the calm of black despair that succeeds to frenzy, the wretched man kills what he loves beyond his hope of heaven, it is as an act of inexorable justice that he strikes the blow. Booth put into that act all the solemnity and pathos of a religious rite. As Iago, he was perfect, impish alike in his leopard-like tread and in his cool, clear, rapier-like cunning, touched with sardonic humor as with the very craft of hell. Oddly enough, his Iago was better than his Othello, but in either part, he lifted the scene to the level of poetical tragedy, and in so doing, he was true to the soul of the poet.

One can touch only a few aspects of the play in a single evening, but it ought to be said that Othello is not a tragedy of jealousy in the ordinary sense. Shakespeare has shown us, in Leontes, what that passion is at its filthy worst. Othello is jealous, but his suffering is not only different from that of Leontes, but fathoms deeper. It means the wreck of his faith as well as his love. With his loss of faith in Desdemona, everything goes to pieces—

> "If she be false,
> Oh then heaven mocks itself."

And when he is made to believe her false, he is first dazed with horror, then crazed with anger that is half grief. He is as one dead. All that remains of life, after the storm of anger has swept by, is a pity too deep for tears—

> "O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

Othello is a romantic figure. An air of mystery clings to him always, as of one who has wandered in far places and among strange peoples, and who, amid countless perils, has borne a charmed life. His casual phrases are gems of poetry. He steps scorned as stupid, and met his fate. He goes to gloat over the ruin of Othello and is discovered, arrested, and led away to be tortured.

What is the meaning of it all if it be not that evil, though it have the cunning of genius, is, after all, stupid? It is blind with a bat-like blindness, and falls into its own pit. Yet, as King Henry forth in massive dignity—dark and grand; stately, grave, and self-controlled—one of the most lovable men in fiction. His nature is all of a piece and his very simplicity and nobility make him a victim alike of the heavenly beauty of Desdemona and the hellish cunning of Iago. He is "a slow man," but generous and frank, and when he trusts, his trust is absolute. For all his self-control, he has too much passion to be anything but blind under passionate influence, whether it be love or jealousy. Hamlet would have seen through Iago at once and outwitted him at every turn, but Othello is helpless in his hands. No one denies that Othello acted rashly. But we must recall that he had not known Desdemona long, and he was unused to the ways of Venetian women—a fact which Iago does not forget. His alien blood added to his bewilderment regarding his wife in a way not sufficiently emphasized.

About Desdemona there has been much debate. Some refuse to call her "faultless, divine Desdemona," remembering how she deceived her father and left him to die of a broken heart—him whose love for her was akin to worship, and who thought her

> "A maiden never bold,
> Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
> Blushed at herself."

Some passages in the play seem to suggest that the poet, when he began to write it, was minded to make the action a judgment on Desdemona for her attitude toward her father. But he remembered that she was hardly more than a child, and this emergence of an individuality, as she passed from girlhood to womanhood, was forgiven, though not forgotten. It was a trait which, had she lived, might have issued in many acts, sweet and good, but surprising to her neighbors. But the full ripening of her lovely nature was not to be seen on earth.

Lovely she is—a vision of sweetness, purity, and sorrow; as loving as Viola, as innocent as Miranda, yet doomed to suffer more deeply than Cordelia. Defamed by inference, a gesture, an inflection, a look, she is defenseless. Her very purity makes her helpless as the lowest tricks of fraud and foul lying are used against her. Facts are made to fit falsehoods and she is caught as a bird in a net,

and dies. Had Cordelia stood in her place, she would have asked an explanation for the agitation of Othello, and that would have broken the plot to pieces. Those who chide Desdemona for not doing so, ask for something which could hardly have been united with the peculiar beauty of her nature. Daring for the sake of love, she had the infinite forgiveness of a love that knew not how to resent or resist; a "love which, when harshly repulsed, blamed only itself, and when bruised, only gave forth a more exquisite fragrance." Her innocence makes her act as if she were guilty, and she is too pure to understand the crime with which she is charged. Such beauty and purity make her one of the loveliest figures ever woven in a dream, and her fate is heart-breaking.

All the characters in this tragedy are worthy of long study, especially Cassio and Emilia, but our chief concern is with Iago. What shall we say of him? Are we to regard him as an ordinary villain—a man who has been slighted and seeks revenge; a husband who thinks he has been wronged and vows to make his enemy suffer jealousy; an ambitious man bent on the ruin of his rival? Or shall we think of him as Shakepeare's Satan—a being who hates good simply because it is good, and loves evil for itself? Each view has its advocates. One reduces Iago to a commonplace villain endowed with unusual ability and cruelty, and the other makes him superhuman, or at least unhuman. Whereas, we may be sure that Shakespeare, who is never commonplace, much less unhuman, did not intend him to be either.

There have been many literary devils, and, strangely enough, they are most fascinating. There is the Lucifer of "The Drama of Exile," a kind of Shelley turned demon, brilliant and dazzling, and as much of a devil as Elizabeth Browning, with her sweetness and purity, could imagine. There is the grand, luxurious, melancholy devil of Marlowe, a sort of gigantic, wicked shadow of the poet himself, wild, fiery, and daring. There is the stately, aristocratic prince of lost spirits whom Milton has drawn, so much like Lord Byron, and so charming withal, that he has been called the hero of "Paradise Lost." Men admire his bold independence, which would rather rule in the nether world than obey in heaven. Nor do we forget the subtle, biting, Voltairish Mephistopheles of Gothe's "Faust," half a person, half a symbol, whose deadly coldness is only surpassed by his gaiety in devilishness. No; it cannot be said that Iago is of that tribe, though it is hard to realize that a man could attain to such clever, diabolical villainy.

Like most sinister men, Iago tells us little of himself—except lies. He was twenty-eight years old, not of gentle breeding, though of fine natural intellect and with some fame for courage in war. He was married to a wife of like kind, who appears in the drama almost in the relation of a servant to Desdemona. They were not unhappy, despite his sharp tongue, for she gave him a deal of her tongue in exchange; and he was jealous of her. His manner was blunt, bluff, and at times disgustingly vulgar, but he was often hearty, and could be jovial when it suited him to be so. He had a keen tongue and prized it, frankly admitting that he was nothing if not critical. "Honest" is the word applied to him some fifteen times in the play, not counting the half-dozen where he employs it, in derision, of himself. He is the trusted confidant of almost everybody in the drama, and when called into counsel he is sympathetic, or affects to be, and is eager to help. When Desdemona is in distress she sends for Iago—which is a fact to be noted by those who talk of the intuition of woman.

Yet his own wife, who must have known him better than anyone else, was befooled in the same way. "My husband!" she cried, in astonishment, when Othello told her that Iago knew the secret of his agony. So thick was the veil between his real self and the self he showed to the world that no one seems to have penetrated it. Only the dull eyes of Roderigo had the faintest hint of what lay behind. Such artistry in hypocrisy requires unusual power. One may wear a masquerade for a while successfully, but to wear it for years and deceive not only a soldier like Othello, but his own wife, was surely a rare feat. He found a certain relief from the discomfort of hypocrisy in his caushumor, only deepened confidence in his honesty. tic, cynical speeches which, being interpreted as Those stinging remarks actually won him repute as a plain-dealer, and made his secret more secure. He himself actually seems to have been the only one who did not mistake his sham self for his real nature—such was the art of the man.

Skill of this sort bespeaks rare powers both of intellect and of will. Iago had a keen, versatile, rapid mind, and within certain limits his insight was almost uncanny; but the scope of his mind was narrow and he lacked imagination. Much has been said of his power of self-mastery, though that is not so remarkable when we recall that he was a passionless man. No Stoic sage was ever more lord of himself, but it was an easy victory, and his want of emotion kept his mind clear and keen. He was never indolent, and though foul and obscene of mind he was not sensual. He it is who preaches the self-sufficiency of the human will: "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus." Our mind is a garden, he said, to the which our will is gardener, and one may plant either flowers or weeds as one elects. For himself, he chose to sow poisonous weeds in the garden of his mind.

No sceptic, Iago had a definite creed, and he was frank enough to state clearly what many another man actually believes but dares not admit. He held that the only sensible life is for a man to live absolutely for himself, without any sort of regard for any one else. Such men, he says, "have some soul." Conscience, or honor, or truth, or any sort of regard for others he holds to be stupidity. An atheist regarding goodness, he insists that there is no virtue in man or woman that is not purchasable With him love is lust and gold is god. "Put money in thy purse," he says to Roderigo, and with such baiting the poor dupe is caught. With Cassio it is not so. There is a soldier "fit to stand by Caesar," true to the core, who cannot be tempted with gold, nor unmanned by dainty pictures of beauty. Iago plies him with friendly words and a social

glass, and accomplishes his disgrace, leaving the poor soldier wondering why "men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." He is a connoisseur of human frailities, and when one bait will not work he tries another, sure that he has only to suit the taste to catch the fish.

How much truth is there in the Iago view of life? Much, alas! very much. Our human nature has this nether side. The wise old Bible is not blind to that dark fact, but states it with terrible lucidity. One would be glad to think, if the truth were not otherwise, that Iago is an unhuman monster. Let us hope that his tribe is not increasing, but there are more Iagoes than we imagine, and happy is the man who is free from the taint. When Macchiavelli wrote his famous book "The Prince," he wrote in the spirit of Iago, and the result was a manual of political villainy. Yet that book is true to the seamy side of human nature with a literal and terrible truthfulness. That is why it lives and will live while human nature is the same. Iago and Macchiavelli are true as far as they go, though, happily, there is a whole hemisphere of human life which they leave out of account. They fail because they do not see the whole of life, as he must fail who does not see what they saw with their cold, glittering eyes.

Why should such a being as Iago exist? Shakespeare does not tell us. Nobody can tell us. Life is clear, up to a point, but beyond that point it is baffling. Shakespeare only tried to look at it clearly and as a whole, and so looking at it he was as baffled by what he saw, as we, who see it by his aid. He saw in Iago an image like life itself, a power and an activity, dark and inscrutable, prompted by something secret and silent. In default of an answer to this riddle, let us inquire further into the motives of Iago. Why did he act as he did? What were his motives, his reasons, his end in view? As a fact, he has many motives, too many, but his real motive, though plain enough, he does not state. Perhaps he was not fully aware of it, but it ruled him and gave a logical unity to his life.

Coleridge speaks of Iago as an example of "the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." Whether there is such a thing as a motiveless malignity is open to debate. It would seem to be a psychological impossibility. At any rate, Iago is not an example of it. He had a sense of power, of superior gifts, which, when thwarted or slighted, yearned far satisfaction. He knew that Othello, Desdemona, and Cassio were as living puppets in his hands, and that at the crook of his finger he could make them writhe in agony, if he wanted to do so. Cassio.

> "Hath a daily beauty in his life
> That makes me ugly,"

and he determined to befoul that beauty. Any kind of superiority annoyed him. He is all the while seeking, not for motives, but for excuses for the exercise of his power. He was never so happy as when he was in the thick of a scheme. Thus, to power was added the spirit of adventure; the joy of walking the razor-edge of danger—the spirit of hazard and of gamble.

Then, too, as Swineburne said, he was "an artist in tragedy," and like all artists he loved to exercise his art. Some men paint pictures. Others write poems. But here, as Hazlitt says, is a man who, instead of employing his invention on imaginary characters, gets up a plot at home, casts the parts among his nearest friends, and rehearses his tragedy. Those who think this theory fanciful, will find, if they study the play, that it is true and will bear scrutiny. Nor is it so unusual, psychologically, as it may at first appear. Granted an abnormal deadness of human feeling, this fact, however horrible, is intelligible. Such artists find an ecstasy of bliss in devising and executing their designs. So it was with Iago, and he was not to blame if things went wrong and his piece was ruined. Where he failed was not as an artist, but as a stage manager, and only a very great man can win in both roles.

As a matter of fact, only one of his plans worked out exactly as he had planned it. The drunkenness and disgrace of Cassio came out as he meant it to come out; but his other schemes not only went wrong, but drew him into deep and devious ways he had not foreseen. He became so involved that his own safety demanded that he go on, though more than once he was willing to turn back. He had no ill-will against Desdemona, and the sight of her distress evokes in him the only sign of sorrow or regret that he betrays. Towards the end he does not stay long in her presence, but goes as quickly as he can get away. Fear for his own safety sharpens his wits, tests his powers, and drives him on. He had not planned so horrible a tragedy. One person, Emilia, he had failed to read aright, and he is caught in his own web. Satan, let us be glad, always makes one fatal mistake. Iago was outdone by the very goodness which he tells us, there is some soul of good in things evil, if we but distill it out. Had Iago applied his power, his daring, his invention to high causes, he would have been a useful man. The worst evil in the world is the good turned awry. This soul of good gives to evil what power it has. When one good quality is played against another and made to do evil, we are dismayed. But Iago, for all his wit, fails at last and is undone. We turn away feeling that it is better to be a Desdemona, or a rash Othello, dead, than an Iago alive. Such gospel doth our poet teach.

The Coming of Abdul Baha

Has Father Time a sense of humor? It is to be hoped that some such solace is granted this patient watcher of the centuries, lest he grow discouraged by the ever-recurring contradictions and vagaries of the race of man. The failure of the great majority to view questions of their own time with any degree of historic perspective is nowhere so clearly shown as in the work of spreading the gospel. In the short period since the appearance of European races upon American soil, at least three exclusive versions of the Word of God have been relayed over seas and continents.

The first message of the East to the West came with the Jesuit priest who penetrated our virgin woods

and waters and told to the wondering Indian the story of Jesus Christ according to the infallible doctrine of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Not so long afterward, from Father Time's point of view, the Only True Gospel was again sped on its mission towards the setting sun, and the "Morning Star" set sail to carry back to the East from the West the remodeled Protestant dogma of the same Risen Lord. Again, after a lapse of a short half-century, the Ark of the Covenant made its reappearance on our Atlantic horizon. This third version took the form of the Holy Scripture of the Indian Vedas, and was borne by a yellow-turbaned Swami. He expressed, though far more delicately, the same solicitude for the spiritual good of the American people that the Jesuit priest had first felt for the Red Indian, and that had later inspired the earnest missionaries on board the "Morning Star" to seek out the contented Celestial in his own flowery land. Surely Father Time must wearily wonder if little man is never to wake up to the significance of this jest!

While there may have been some slight increase of tolerance toward varying points of view, keeping step with the advance of man's knowledge of man, there has always been the implication, at least, of the mental attitude on the part of the teacher, "I am holier than thou." The dean of an American university, while crossing the Pacific on an ocean liner, one day noticed a fellow-passenger distributing printed tracts among the homeward-bound Chinese coolies in the steerage. "Do you not realize," said he to the missionary so engaged, "that these men cannot read a word of English?" "Ah, my brother," returned the ardent one, "the language of the Lord is the same all over the world."

This is the characteristic attitude of the evangelist, though it is not always so naively expressed. He really feels "The language of the Lord is my language, and the will of the Lord is what I interpret it to be."

In the year 1912, however, the hope of a more universal platform comes to us when we learn of the arrival in this country of one who, bearing the title of Abdul Baha, (Servant of God), gives us this unique message:

"I come to bring you no new religion, but to rekindle the fading lamps of your own faith, whatever its name may be. For the light behind each faith is one light."

"The cause of unity is the cause of life itself."

"The East has ever been the home of meditation and the source of inspiration, but the West is the sphere of action, and should find its special duty in the practical application of spiritual truth. East and West should be one in sympathy."

Whatever of occultism may lurk in the heart of this teaching, the outsider finds only simple, human, universal doctrines. So familiar, indeed, that we wonder how it has come about that even in modern America many thousands reverence the name of this Persian prophet and feel that they owe to his teaching the deepest inspiration of their lives.

We can well see how the Bahai message has come as a great revelation to Persia, where the Brahmin scorns the Mohammedan, and the Mohammedan feels that the casual presence of a Christian inside his house of worship is so unclean a thing that the building is forever polluted and must be razed to the ground. To proclaim to such a people that all men are brothers and that all religions are of the same essence is a direct attack upon the established custom and teaching of the orthodox Persian. Persecution and exile for such a prophet are but the natural results to be expected from those who still hold the power in so effete a nation.

But to announce on American soil that men of all colors—black, yellow, or white—are not only equal in the sight of God, but should be treated as such by one another, would seem an unnecessary platitude, for is not this the land where thousands of white men died to free the negro slaves in the name of brotherhood? Surely we have been graduated from this text!

Let us take care, however, that the searching eyes of the prophet do not chance to fall upon a copy of some morning paper which nonchalantly reports—so much a matter of course is it—that a few negroes have been shot or burned on suspicion of crime by an angry mob of white citizens, or upon the next day's issue, which is quite likely to mention in an equally casual manner that the identity of the actual criminal was discovered when the excitement died down, but that he had made his escape. Let us also keep from this expounder of the obvious, who calls every man brother, any close acquaintance with the many rural pulpits from which warnings still come against a belief in this modern doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, lest that of Universal Salvation might follow in its track. These are the people who are still attempting to measure the complex problems of modern life with the inelastic yardstick found in grandmother's garret—or perhaps it is fairer to say that they are as yet unconscious of the fact that any new problems have arisen. They are still worrying over the possibility that Heaven may be overcrowded, and the necessity of securing front seats early for themselves and families.

In the old days when America was peopled by Americans, it was a simple matter for the upright citizen to harmonize his religion and his daily deeds. It was enough to concern himself with the welfare of those already saved, and to encourage his wife to visit the sick and sorrowing. Any responsibility for the heathen in the remote corners of the world could easily be shifted from his shoulders by dropping coin into the missionary boxes, or by approving the few individuals who were willing to renounce home and friends and consecrate themselves to the task of persuading others to see God as they did.

But today so easy a method of settling the matter can satisfy only a comatose conscience, for the heathen are no longer confined to the remote corners of the world. We need no more "Morning Stars." The Atlantic and Pacific liners have deposited millions of the unregenerate inside our very doors. They swarm in our Christian cities, establishing their Little Cairos and their Chinatowns, looking to America for sympathy as well as bread, for they have been told that this is the land of the brotherhood of man. One wonders if they find hunger and fireless tenements easier to bear because in 1776 a famous American document declared that all men were created free and equal, but one does not wonder that they respond but coldly to attempts at conversion to Christian faith when their first demands for bread have been so grudgingly granted and so limited a portion allowed them.

Can we establish convincingly to an astute and far-seeing Persian inquirer our national claim that we are at peace with all mankind, when within our boundaries, from Los Angeles to the factories of New England, the feeling between employer and employed grows ever more bitter, and the methods of combat employed in their differences more desperate? The heathen in our laundries and factories, upsetting our industrial world and displaying an increasing facility in making trouble for respectable people of hitherto irreproachable and orderly lives, present a far more puzzling problem than when they placidly bowed before their native gods in their own far-away countries.

And here the once satisfying standard of Christian charity has to be taken down from the old-fashioned pulpit, carefully dusted, and held up to present needs. Rarely does it show any signs of fitness, for a new civilization demands new ethics, and the modern conception of the sphere of individual duty has widened its field from that of the purely personal to the national. Before we dare claim that we have nothing to learn from the Bahai teacher, it behooves us to consider one fact.

We have contented ourselves with the presence of the laws of love and humanity upon our religious statute books, and have made only a feeble beginning toward their enforcement. It is no longer enough to bank the flame of brotherly love in our hearts; the draughts must be thrown open until our whole national house shall become heated with the most scientific apparatus which can be procured. Certain locked chambers and cold cellars must be explored and aired —a worthy task for our idle maids. When we have squarely faced the surprises which await us there, and are still willing to pray, "Give peace in our time, O Lord"—having discovered how very large a share of the cost of such peace we must ourselves bear—then only may we meet with entire frankness Abdul Baha of Akka.

He comes to us after an imprisonment of forty years for the double offense of declaring God to be a Father rather than a Shah, and of making a logical effort to put his belief into practice. What heroic examples of justice and mercy may he not reasonably expect of us, if we are to uphold, with a sincerity equal to his own, our avowed American ideals!—*Louise Adams Grout, in The Twentieth Century Magazine.*

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

A disembodied voice in flight,
A clear-toned bell, a haunting knell,
What art thou? Merely bird, or sprite
Deep coolness of a crystal well,
Dweller in shaded dell.

Is it desire? or passion's fire?
Or sweet content, by heaven sent,
That sounds from thy elusive lyre?
Of longing infinite, unpent,
Is thy song redolent.

From dark recess of dusky wood,
At eve, thy mystic note is heard,
Responsive to man's changing mood,
His joy, his grief, his hope deferred,
Sung by an unseen bird.

—*Henry Lear in Bird-Lore.*

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

OWEN MEREDITH: *Lucile.*

Shall We Have a Birdless World?

Children should befriend the birds, because it is "more blessed to give than to receive." They should be taught to feed the birds; and to plant trees, shrubs and vines, which furnish food for birds, because such humane and kindly acts tend to develop the child into a more unselfish, kind and useful man or woman. Children who begin by being kind and humane to the lower animals rarely become criminals. Crime decreases wherever the protection of the weak and the helpless is taught and practised.

Boys and girls should seek to protect and shelter birds, because it is best for the welfare of the community and the race to have an increased number of those birds that destroy the pests of the farm, orchard and garden.

Children should be taught to attract birds about the farm and home, for by so doing they will secure a small army of helpers in field, orchard and garden, —helpers that will destroy our insect foes, and so save fruit, flower and leaf from destruction.

Children may readily attract the birds by hanging out uncleaned bones and pieces of meat on the trees, and by scattering chaff and barn sweepings in the yards. They will thus entice about the farm and door-yard those species that feed on the insect enemies of trees and those that destroy the weed seeds in the garden, and so get much help from the birds in return for a little help given them. This is a good business investment. This is but an economic and selfish reason why children should befriend the birds; nevertheless, it is one well worth considering, for without birds the world might become either a barren waste, unfit for human habitation, or a sphere infested with recurrent plagues, famines and pestilences.

Birds not only help us by eating the superabundance of the insects that infest our trees, shrubbery, vegetables, grasses and grains, but they also destroy large numbers of other animals that if left to increase unchecked might soon become destructive pests or serious nuisances. Birds kill and eat surplus field-mice, shrews, squirrels, hares, skunks, weasels, frogs, toads, lizards, spiders and other creatures. Were the birds destroyed, these creatures as well as insects would increase greatly in numbers and make war upon each other. In northern Europe, where the hawks and owls have been much reduced in numbers by farmers and game keepers, great hordes of field-mice have destroyed the grass on thousands of acres of meadow and pasture land.

Professor Herrick tells us in *Bird Lore* that in a part of Italy where the people have destroyed most of the birds that formerly nested there the land is now infested with lizards. He has seen on a tract of ground one lizard for each square foot. These lizards feed mainly on insects, and so when the birds had been destroyed the lizards in measure took the place of the birds. But even in Italy only a part of the birds have been killed, and many migratory birds still pass through the country in fall and spring, feeding on insects as they go.

Let us imagine what would probably happen in our own country were the people to kill all the birds. Insects increase so rapidly that were they unchecked by birds we might expect a great plague of caterpillars, beetles, bugs and other injurious insects. Undoubtedly the leaves on the trees, the vegetables in the gardens

and the grain in the fields would then be nearly all destroyed by insects, and sooner or later cattle, horses and other domestic animals, as well as we ourselves, would be threatened by starvation.

The increase of injurious insects would be followed by an irruption of the insects that feed upon them, and the air would be filled with ichneumon flies and gnat-like parasitic insects. The ground would be fairly carpeted with predaceous beetles, bugs and spiders. Every tree and bush would swarm with them, and all vegetation would be enmeshed in spiders' webs.

The plague of insects would also bring on an increase of frogs, toads and bats, as they feed largely upon insects; and, to crown all, would come an army of snakes, which, taking the place of the birds in a measure, would feed upon all. The struggle between the snakes and the toads, frogs, mice, squirrels and other small animals would probably result in a victory for the snakes. The few people that were able to survive famine, plague and pestilence would then be reduced to living on snakes, and would find the world peopled with snakes, bats, and spiders, in place of beautiful and tuneful birds, and life would become a burden to the inhabitants of a desolate world.

In just as far as we fail to care for and protect the birds, just so far we shall suffer for this neglect.

Children should value the birds also as objects of study and observation. As Dr. Coues says, "There is no more fascinating page of nature than that on which is written the life history of a bird." What is more delightful than to watch the nest-building and the rearing of the young of these elusive, usually timid, but at times bold and familiar, sprites!

The weaving of the nest, hidden away amid the grasses and flowers of the field, hung pendant among the rustling foliage of a wind-swung bough, or nestled in the fork of some dark pine, spruce or hemlock; the feeding and growth of the comical, blind, naked, helpless young, which in a few short days or weeks grow lusty, strong and pinioned for flight; the assiduous care of the parents, who bravely risk their lives in defense of their helpless young,—all present attractive opportunities for that close and familiar study of habits and life interrelations to which students of nature are now turning. The observational faculties of the child may be developed by distinguishing the songs and notes of birds, the varying flight of different species, and the marks, colors and other characters by which they may be recognized. A loving appreciation and enjoyment of the songs, beauty, vivacity, graceful forms and movement of birds help to uplift our lives and make them better worth living. In their tenderness towards their mates and their devotion to their young, these "little brothers of the air" teach us a lesson of fidelity which all may emulate. We may well strive to equal their industry and perseverance, and their courage and cheerfulness in adversity.—*Edward Howe Forbush, in Our Dumb Animals.*

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses. For cities are made good habitations by the sentiments of those who live in them, not by wood or stone.

—*Epectetus.*

The White-bordered Banner

The article in a recent issue on the "White-bordered Banner," should elicit a practical response.

Reforms move as intelligence moves, and the intellect is reached, as every teacher knows, largely through the outer senses. Hence the value of symols, transparencies, slogans and mottoes. Hence the meaning and value of our Stars and Stripes.

"Where can I get a Peace banner for my husband's grave, Decoration Day?" was asked the Field Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society. "Nowhere," was the reply. "You will have to make one."

And I did.

The old comrades placed there, as usual, the Stars and Stripes, in memory of his long service as chaplain of the First Regiment, and over and mingling with it this year floated another flag bearing its message of "World Peace"—not so much in memory of his devotion to the cause as in a desire to continue the work so near to his heart.

I had hoped to plant a standard bearing the flags of three nations united in world-peace—the United States, England and France, but politics at Washington—petty and personal—crushed this wish of the people.

Yet, simple as this was, it bore a little fruit.

One with epaulets touched its folds and read, "World Peace." "So like the Doctor," and it left a thought. Another, "What's this? Oh, World Peace! And that is right." And another thought was nourished. And so they passed on with comments now and then. It was a time of seed-sowing when tender memories and associations made the soul receptive.

But this improvised banner could not tell the story as one made for the market. The commercial flag would say, "I am here because the peace sentiment has crystallized into a demand for the white-bordered banners, and manufacturers in their own interests are meeting this demand."

That is what tells.

That brings the inspiration of members, the momentum of association and comradeship.

Here is work for the Ginn and Carnegie foundations.

Vandelia-Varnum Thomas.

Chicago Lawn, June 17, 1912.

TO A BROWN THRUSH.

Dear little bird on wind-tossed bough,
Singing away through the pelting rain,
Happier far than I art thou;
When storms assail you ne'er complain.

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up," you cry.
Who taught thee thus to sing and sing?
In notes so clear, so sweet, so high,
Dear little bird with rain-wet wing.

Brave little bird that all day long
When skies are bright, or skies are gray,
Dost cheer me with thy matchless song
Oh, tell me, if thou canst, I pray,

Is this fond fancy but a dream,
That thou when summer days have flown
Wilt wing thy flight o'er vale and stream
To some fair spot that I have known?

Art thou a messenger that's sent
By some dear friend now far away,
To breathe to me of sweet content,
And sing to me when skies are gray?

—*Alice D. C. Greenwood in Our Dumb Animals.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

NOTES FROM FIELD.

The Shooting of Rare Birds.

At a time when we are all rejoicing in the return of innumerable bird-visitants to our shores, we must sympathise with the appeal which Mr. Joseph Collinson, of the Animals' Friend Society, has made on behalf of the rare birds which are continually sacrificed to the selfish and cruel spirit of the gunner and collector. "Beautiful rare birds, such as the bittern, spoon-bill, hoopoe, waxwing, and oriel, are," he says, "the usual victims, but now must be added the names of several species of which there is no record of their having visited this country before. It may not be generally known that during the last few months there has been an unusual migration over the British Isles, and that a number of birds have been observed for the first time. In many instances the discovery has been made by means of a shot gun, and among other specimens which have fallen in this way may be mentioned the Simerian nut-cracker (several of which were killed in south eastern counties); two examples of the collared flycatcher; a pair of Caspian plovers; and a slender-billed curlew. Is it not ridiculous that so many rare bird visitors to our shores, some of which might remain to breed if they were not molested, may still be shot down with impunity in almost every part of the open country by anyone with a gun?"

—*The (London) Inquirer.*

WOMEN IN GERMANY.

There are 22,000,000 females in Germany above the age of fourteen; 11,851,000 of these are not wage earners but among them must be reckoned many peasant women who help their husbands in the fields and are accustomed to daily work of an arduous kind. Over 10,000,000 women are doing paid work. Of these 4,000,000 are married women or widows, and there are thus 6,000,000 unmarried women in Germany who are wage earners.

What is the work of the ten millions? One hundred and sixty thousand are shop assistants, 695,000 have shops or business of their own, 287,000 are members of the liberal professions. There are about 1,300,000 domestic servants. The remaining seven millions and a-half are engaged chiefly in manual work for which small wages are paid. Their earnings as a rule do not exceed two to three pounds a month. After years of hard work they may make £4 or £4-10s a month. Ten shillings a week earned by a girl living with her parents is a valuable addition to the family budget; but it is a wage which will not support her if she be alone in the world. Her chances of marriage are small is she has no dowry. —*Exchange.*

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